

A sketch of my life

ANNA ROSS YOUNG DUKE July 13, 1839

My father Adolphia Young was born in Putman County, Tenn. February 27, 1816. They lived within three miles of each other, my mother and father, in a farming district. My mother Rhoda Byrne Jared Young, was born in Putman County, Tennessee on October 24, 1826. They were married July 26, 1836. My father was a carpenter by trade, in fact was very handy at it and any kind of work he undertook. His father was considered a well-to-do southerner, he had a grist mill and saw mill combined, also a carpenter shop. He had a large orchard with most any kind of fruit. There was a cider press in the middle of the orchard also plenty of water mellons in season.

Old time southerners employed negro help most of the time. When my father was about ten years old his father died, then he and two brothers, Allen and Harmon worked on the fathers place.

My mother was a good seamstress, she learned to be a tailor and made mostly mens clothing by hand, before sewing machines were thought of. She was very artistic with her needle work. She made beautiful quilts and bedspreads of original designs. She also padded and lined caskets after they were made of black walnut, and varnished by my father.

When my son A.Y. Duke was on a mission in Tennessee he visited the old place and some relatives were still living there. My uncle David Nichols said to him, "Adolphia duke, there never has been another such man as your grandfather, Adolphia Young as it seemed, he could do anything and make anything he put his hand to. He was very loving and affectionate, kind and gentle with his family. Refined and modest in his nature and to know him was to love him."

In the year of 1842, John D. Lee and Alfred Young, my fathers cousin, brought the gospel to us. My father and mother both joined the church, each one being the only one in their respective families to join. In the fall of 1843 we moved to Nauvoo. My sister Martha was then a baby. We lived in the basement of John D. Lees' home, while we were in the Lee House we were awakened on morning about day-break, by Hyrum Weelsey, brother-in-law to John D. Lee, calling from the floor above us.

He called to my mother saying, "Oh, Rhoda, Rhoda, Joseph and Hyrum have been murdered." I will remember raising up in bed and what an impression it made on me. That day everyone esd in tears.

My father worked on the Nauvoo Temple until it was nearly completed and he and mother had their endowments in that Temple. We lived there until the saints were driven out in 1846 then went to Council Bluffs, Iowa. We remained in Winter Quarters until the spring of 1848, and then moved up the river to Summer quarters, where we assisted in raising a crop.

In July of that summer our family all came down with "Chillies and Fever." we were very ill but every other day my father felt better and would to get water. I remember going with a little tin bucket. That was all I was able to carry up the hill from the creek. Nearly every one in the camp was sick at that time. My youngest brother Allen, who was only a baby, died of the black scirve canker. Every baby in the camp died of it.

When my father felt a little better, he went back to Tennessee to see his mother once more before starting for Utah. While on his way he caught a severe cold and when he got back to his mothers home he took worse and was very sick all winter.

In the spring he sent his brother Harmon back to Summer Quarters for us. We were all glad to see our uncle once more and we knew we would get back to Tennessee and see our grandmother. When we got back we hardly knew our father he had been at deaths deer and he looked so pale and sick. By this time we had gone through nearly everything we had and when my parents felt well enough they started to work again. Together means to go to the valley of the mountains.

My father put up a rough log carpenter shop and went to work, my mother also was busy getting everything she could ready to make the journey comfortable and when they were ready to start they were as well fitted out for the trip as could be at that time.

On March 13, 1852, we bade our relatives all good-by. As my father said goodbye to his mother she said, "Adolphia, I'm afraid I shall never see you again." Mid tears and embraces he said, "Mother you might out live us all."

We went to Nashville about fifty miles from our home and took a steamer. It was ill fated boat "Saluda" and at Lexington Missouri it blew up. It was an old boat and hardly fit to make the trip. It was in the spring and there was big chunks of ice floating down the river and as we were sailing up the river it made it hard for the boat to plow thru the ice. After standing still at Lexington all night the boat was preparing to take a fresh start up the river to Kanesville and the Captain

the power of the Lord was the only thing that could sustain her under his stroke.

Our trip from then on was uneventful. No more sickness or death. My sister Frances was then fifteen years old and I was just twelve. We being the eldest helped mother yoke the oxen and drive them the rest of the way across the plains. One of our best oxen died and we had to put a cow in and one yoke with two cows make three yoke in all. There was plenty of grass along the way and we would milk the cows and set the pans over night, then in the morning skim off the cream and put it in a little stone jar in the wagon. During the day and by night it would be churned to butter from the jolting of the wagon.

Mother made her own yeast cakes before we left and we had light bread or hot biscuits, when ever we wished them. Our uncle Jell McCulloch let us cook on their camp stove as they were traveling next to us. Mother also had plenty of crackers she had baked them before she started. They were made of flour and salt and shortning and rolled out and pounded to make them light we had never heard of baking powder, or soda, We had some of the crackers when we got to Salt Lake.

We were about three or four months making the trip. Our last camp was made just the other side of little mountain before entering the valley. In the morning after breakfast we cleaned ourselves up and made our selves look as good as we could before entering the city of Salt Lake. This was about September 23, 1852. As we left camp that morning it did not seem possible that this was our last day of our long trek or journey, for as children, we felt as though we would never reach our destination, after father died, for we had been so dependent on him. After going over the mountain we were all thrilled with the joy, as we gazed on the beautiful valley. The mountains, the lake and little nest of houses called the city. This then was our destination. Here the great Temple would be built, in this promised land. We had found a place which God for us prepared, far away in the West, where none would come to harm or make afraid, there the Saints should be blest.

My mother hired a man to drive down the mountain. He was not used to driving so my sister Frances helped him with the Oxen and I tended the lock chains on the wheel. We got down in the city late in the afternoon and went to the home of my mother's cousin. John Vance, they had just moved into a new adobe house, so they let mother live in the old one. We lived there almost three months. We had only been there a few days when Brigham Young came to see us. He was in a buggy and had one of his wives with him. She had been acquainted with mother in Council Bluffs.

She was emmeline Free before her marriage. She now had four little girls and he engaged my mother to sew for her. This helped to earn our living. I remember once of seeing Brigham bring a sack of flour, vegetables in payment for the sewing.

My fathers cousin, Alfred Young, who had brought the gospel to us in Tennessee, now lived in Cottonwood. He came to see my mother and after a while we moved to Cottonwood, where we lived on a farm. In December of that same year, mother married Alfred Young and we lived there for three years. Then we moved to Provo in 1855. After selling a yoke of oxen and our place, we bought a place. Our house was adobe like most of the houses were then. There were a few log houses. We all worked and helped make the living. In the fall we would gather service berries and ground cherries and dry them for winter. We spun and wove our own cloth, mother made our clothes as well as clothes for others.

On March 6th, 1857, I married Robert Stone Duke. We lived in Provo until we had two children, little Bob and Adolphia. Then we went up into what was called then, Provo Valley; later was named Heber. My sister Martha and her husband John Duke who were married the same month March 28, 1857, also came to live in Provo Valley. We were sisters and our husbands were brothers. We came here in 1860. We bought some land about forty acres. We are still living on the same land where our home was built we lived in Heber most of the time.

My husband Robert Duke was put in the Bishop of East ward in 1884 and held that office for nearly fifteen years. My husband was appointed Patriarch after he was released from the bishoperic, that brought me under the bishoperic of my own family for thirty years. After my son retired from the bishoperic he was appointed a member of the High-Council. My son A.Y. Duke is now president of the High-Priest Quorum. My son L.B. Duke is now president of the Seventies. My Husband and three sons fullfilled missions in turn making eight years in that capacity. I have always tried to do my best in any capacity that I was called to act in.

In the first years of our married life, my husband spent 11 weeks in Echo Canyon, where some of the men were sent to guard against Johnsons Army coming into Salt Lake. This was while we were in Provo and whenever the men were called together by the beat of the drum, it caused a ripple of excitement, mostly among the women as they were afraid the army and our men were fighting, but it nearly always turned out to be just news from Echo Canyon and no cause for alarm.

was talking to the fireman and said, "I'll stem this current or blow her to hell." The wheel turned a few times and there was a terrible explosion took place. The boat was blown all to pieces and about 150 persons were killed. The fireman was cut in two. The captain's body was blown away on the hillside. His dog also was lying under the safe near the captain. The safe was blown open and a man was helping himself to the money, but he was soon detected and put under guard. The boat was near enough to the bank that a plank was layed from the boat to the bank but so many rushed on it for safety that it broke and let some of them into the water but they were soon rescued. Everyone was so excited.

My father and mother were the only ones that did not lose one of their family. Father got us all together as soon as he could. He said, "Let me count you." After counting he said, "There is one gone." He went back and found my sister Martha in the hull of the boat where she had fallen when the hatch door blew up. She was then ten years old. She was not hurt and only had a bad bruise from being hit with the door. She was saved just in time as the boat was filling fast with water.

Mr. Wm. Dunbar of Salt Lake was on the boat with his wife and children, his wife and some of the children were killed. He and two little boys were saved. He will be remembered by some of the pioneers, playing bag pipes, and as a singer in early days. Isaac Bullock of Provo was another one on the boat. He was up on top of the boat where it was flat, when the explosion occurred, he had some money in his pockets, it was all out and at his feet after the explosion, so he must have turned upside down.

My parents were the only couple that did not lose one of the family. I remember well of seeing a row of dead children laid out on the counter of a warehouse. About one hundred and fifty bodies were washed down the river. Ten bodies were found the next morning on a sandbar. The Captain's body was the only one found on the shore.

We stayed there at Lexington, Mo. for six weeks. Our bedding and luggage were all wet and it took some time to repair the damage done to our belongings.

My father bought three yoke of cattle three cows, a wagon and a tent and everything we needed to make the trip to Utah. We were well fitted out as could be, for comfort and plenty to eat as my mother with forethought had prepared well for the long trip.

While there at Winter Quarters, as the camp was called. A band of Pawnee Indians came upon us and were painted in their war colors and seemed to be very angry and showed to be restless, fighting mood. They claimed that we were on their hunting ground and wanted us to go at once. My father was out hunting for wild game at the time the Indians came and as a rule always brought something in from the hunts, either wild chickens, turkey, swan and sometimes a deer. My mother was so afraid of the Indians and was afraid they would see him return with something and shoot him, as they wanted these things for themselves, but luck would have it, he returned without anything that night. The Indians yelled and whopped and had their faces painted in black streaks and danced their war dance until John D. Lee who was in our camp with his family, went before the Indians with his sword and made a speech. He waved the sword in such a manner that they understood they might get their heads cut off and it had its good effect. A man was sent from house to house in the fort to get cornmeal or what ever each family could give. Then it was given to the Indians and they left in the morning. We had promised to leave their ground in ten days and willingly did.

After buying ox teams and wagons we traveled by land from Winter Quarters to Summer Quarters or Council Bluffs, the starting point. We left there about the 10th of May in the 5th Company under Captain Tidwell.

My father was appointed Captain of one of the ten teams. We got fresh water when ever it was possible and filled five gallon kegs and swung them under the wagon, but many times the water was not fit to drink. It contained so much Saleratus and many of the cattle died from drinking it.

After traveling for ten weeks the dreaded disease of cholera broke out in our camp. On the 2nd of July my father was stricken with it. He lingered five days and died on July 5th, 1852. He was buried at Wood River without a coffin. My mother had a nice bed spread that she had made herself. She wrapped his body in this, then a heavy linsy quilt. In this way he laid in his grave as there was no timber or boards of any kind around there. After he was buried we traveled on that morning, with sad and heavy hearts to leave our father thus and mother left a widow with six children.

Three days later my eldest brother Sammie took the cholera, He was just eight years old and seemed to know his time had come. He asked to be baptized before he died. This was done for him and the next morning he died and was buried on Elm Creek July 8, 1852. My mother was so overcome with grief that she said that

While we lived in Cottonwood the cornerstone was laid of the great Salt Lake Temple. At the time the work seemed so slow on it that I never thought I would live to see it finished. Though it has been seventy years, I have been there many times. I saw the laying of the capstone and was also present at the dedication of the Temple. I have worked with my mother in the Salt Lake Temple as well as the St. George Temple.

My mother said that when the cornerstone of Salt Lake Temple was laid that there had never been such a large crowd together in Salt Lake as there was at that time. People came from all over the state many walked miles when they had no other way to come.

The morning of the dedication as I was walking along behind the Temple, the wind was blowing a hurricane, there was sand and dirt flying in the air. As I looked up at the top of the Temple I saw Gulls flying around and around it, I never saw them in the city before. They had come in from the lake and someone said, "I have never seen them in the city before." I said, "They have a right to come to the dedication they are the Savior of the people." A few years before that, they had eaten up the grasshoppers and crickets that were destroying the crops.

One time at conference in the Tabernacle my sister Frances and I were walking around the grounds, we were standing looking at the monument of Joseph Smith and Hyrum Smith, when a stranger walked up. He was not of our church and he remarked that he wished he had his glasses so he could read the inscription.

Francis said, "I have my glasses and I will read it for you. As she did tears streamed down his face and dropped on his vest.

When the Seagull monument was finished, I remember at conference there were so many going around looking up at it in silent admiration, many of the dear old saints were in tears, as they thought of the blessings of the seagulls and what they had done when they saved the crops by eating the crickets and the grasshoppers.

The following was written after the death of Anna Duke
by A.Y. Duke

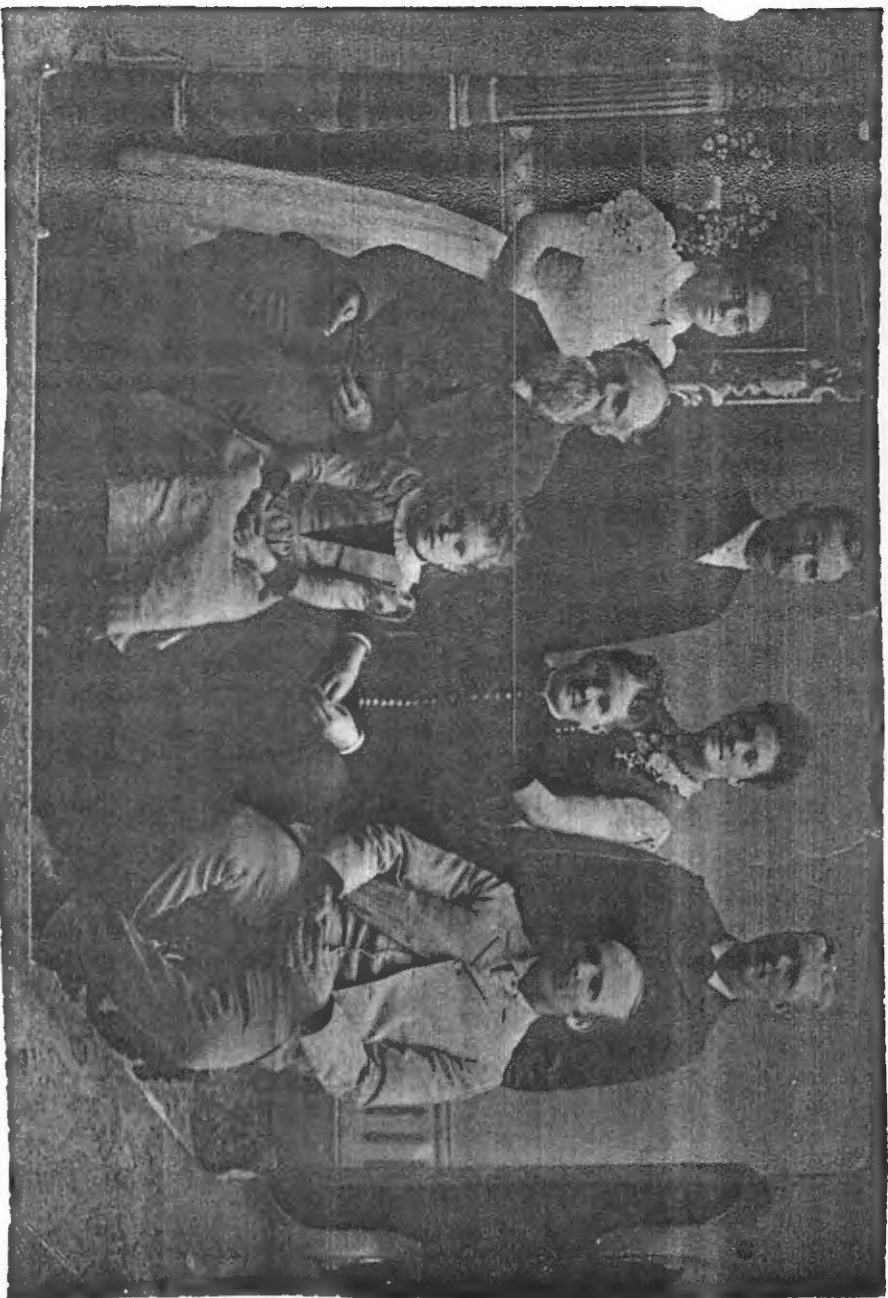
On November ~~the~~ 4th, 1892 Anna R. Duke was appointed the President of Wasatch Stake Y.W.M.I.A. she served in this capacity for eighteen years, when she was called to serve as Stake Relief Society President, which office she held for twelve years.

From the history of the Y.W.M.I.A. by Sussa Y. Gates, I quote, "Sister Anna Duke was beloved by all of her associates and workers as President of the Relief Society, She carried the respect and good will of every girl in Wasatch."

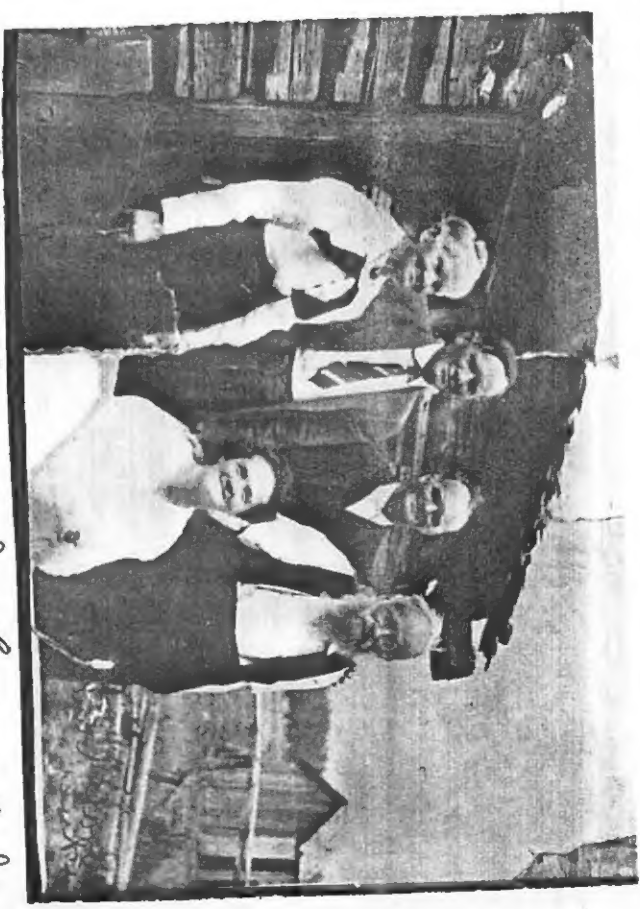
In those days all the sewing was done by hand as sewing machines had not been heard of then. Anna Duke and Mary, John Dukes wife prepared hundreds of people for burial all over the city. They made the clothing by hand, and always without remuneration. After the event of the sewing machines, Nora, Anna's daughter did the sewing.

Anna R. Duke was a busy woman. When she was not doing something for the public, she was active in her own home. For her family clothing, she sheared the sheep combed the wool and spun it in her own home and sent the yarn to the weavers.

After a very eventful life she passed away Jan. 14, 1926 at the age of eighty-five. She leaves a name that will be remembered until we all meet again in the great beyond.



←
 Nora Duke, Adolphine young Duke, Matilda Duke, Lawrence
 B. Duke (Back row). Robert Stone Duke, Matilda Jane Duke,
 Anna Rose Duke, Robert Duke. (Front row)



→
 Anna Rose Duke, Adolphine y. Duke, Lawrence Duke,
 Robert Stone Duke, Matilda Duke



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 Back row: Anna Josephine Esteron Duke,
 Adolphine y. Duke, Kathy Duke.
 Front row: Lawrence B. Duke, Anna
 Rose Duke, Matilda Duke, Robert Stone Duke
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